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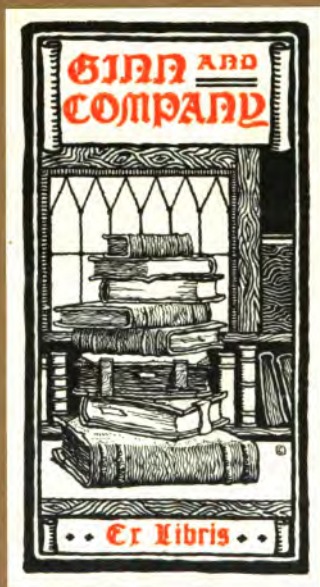


THE AMERICAN SCHOOL READERS

FIRST READER

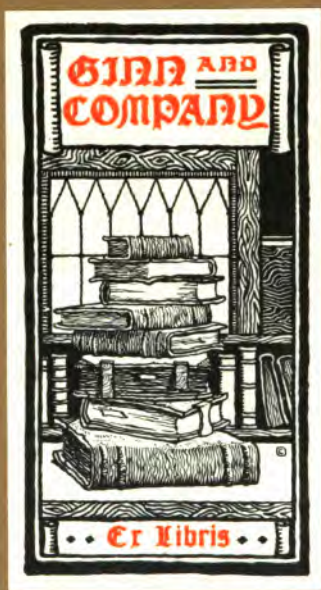
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FIRST READER



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TORONTO

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL READERS

FIRST READER

BY

KATE F. OSWELL. B.A.

AND

C. B. GILBERT

FORMERLY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

ST. PAUL, NEWARK, ROCHESTER

AUTHOR OF "THE SCHOOL AND ITS LIFE." "STEPPING STONES TO
LITERATURE," "GUIDE BOOKS TO ENGLISH," "THE GILBERT
ARITHMETICS," ETC., ETC.

New York

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1916

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PREFACE

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL FIRST READER is planned as the children's second reading book. It assumes that they can read the usual vocabulary of a good primer, either of this series or of any other. It is, however, closely related to the American School Primer. The children and their pets, whose acquaintance was made in that book, appear again here, with new experiences, in the earlier pages.

But the keynote of the book is children's lore. The characters of the primer appear less and less frequently and finally drop out altogether. The latter part of the book contains children's literature only.

The authors believe that this literature is of so excellent a quality that it will intensify the interest of children in the reading book, and hence in learning to read, and will also implant the seeds of good literary taste.

Carefully organized lists of words for phonic drill are given on pages 135-137.

The eyesight of children is safeguarded by the large type and the short line.

The authors beg to acknowledge the valuable suggestions and criticisms of Miss Frances J. Cronan of Public School Number 93, New York City.



"In winter I get up at night,
And dress by yellow candle-light."



Good morning, children.
Do you know us?
We are your old friends,
Harry and John, Mabel and
Helen.

Which is John? Which is
Harry? Which is Mabel?
Which is Helen?

Do you see Rex and Blacky
and Fluff?

We like you. Do you like us?

I am Helen.
My eyes are blue.
My hair is yellow
I have a rabbit.



I am John,
Helen's brother.
My eyes are
green.
Helen says so.

I am Harry.
I do not know
the color of my
eyes.
My hair has no
color.



I have a dog, Rex.

I am Mabel.

I am Harry's sister.

My hair is black.

My eyes are brown.



I am Rex, Harry's
dog.

I am yellow.

Harry says I am
a good dog.

I am Blacky, John's dog.

I am black. I live
in a white house.

Hear me bark,

“Bow, wow, wow.”

Barking dogs never bite.

I do not bite.

I am not such a bad dog.

I am Fluff, Mabel's kitten.
I have a long tail
and a warm coat.

Mabel calls, "Pussy, pussy,
pussy."

Then she says:

"I love little
pussy,



Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm."

Now you know who we are.
It is time to play.

Should you like to play
with us?

Let us see, what shall we
play?

I know, we will play tops.

See my new top, Helen.
I see it. It is beautiful.
Will you spin it, Helen?
No, Harry, I will see you
spin it
Spin it here on the floor.
Oh, see it go round.
How fast it goes!
Why does it not fall?
Because it spins so fast.
By and by it will get dizzy.
Then it will fall.



Come, we will play we are
tops.

You are a top. I am a top.

We will spin like tops.

You spin. I spin.

We spin and spin.

Then we stop.

Are you dizzy?

I am so dizzy,

I can not keep going.

I can not stand up.

The floor swims. You swim.

Fluff swims before my eyes.

I can not see at all.

I shall fall down.

Down, down I fall.

I lie still a little while.

Then I get up and spin again.





When I spin round without
a stop,
And keep agoing like a top,
I find that soon the floor
will swim
Before my eyes; and then,
like him,
I lie all dizzy on the floor
Until I feel like spinning
more.

—R. L. STEVENSON.



Here, Rex! Here, Rex!
Bow, wow. Bow, wow, wow.
Be still. What do you see?
Oh, he sees a bird.
He wants the bird.
No, Rex, you can not have
the bird.
Oh, see the bird hop, hop, hop.
He does not like Rex.
Hop away, little bird.
Rex can not have you.
Shake your little tail and
sing us a song.
I know some verses about you.





Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop,
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the
window
To say "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

Once I saw a bird in a nest.
It was a mother bird.
I saw the little birds, too.
The mother bird flew away.
The little birdies said:
“Mother, may we fly too?”
No, birdies, you are too little.
You must stay in the nest
a little longer.
By and by you will be
stronger.
Then you can fly.
Then John said:
“You did not hear the bird
say that, Harry.
Birds can not talk.
That is in the verses about
Little Birdie.”





LITTLE BIRDIE

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
“Let me fly,” says little
birdie,
“Mother, let me fly away!”
“Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are
stronger.”
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

TENNYSON.



What shall we do now?

"Let us play tag," said Helen.

All right, Helen, you be "it,"
then you tag us.

Run, Harry, run!

Helen tagged you. Now you
are "it."

You can not tag me, Harry.
Oh, you did. But you hit
too hard.

Now run again, Helen. Run!
I tagged you. You are "it."

“Let us not play tag any more.
It is too hard,” said Helen.

What else can we do?

We can climb fences, Helen.

I can not climb fences, boys.

Well, what can you do?

You can not play tag.

You can not climb fences.

Well, I can go home.

Oh, Helen, do not go home.

I know what we can do.

We can go and get apples.

I will throw the apples down.

Whose apples are they,
Harry?

They are my father's apples.

Mother told me a story
about an apple, all of gold.

Atalanta was a girl, but she
could run very fast.

One day she was running a
race with a boy.

He could run fast too.

How fast they ran!

They were very near the end.

Atalanta was ahead.

The boy was afraid that she
would win the race.

He had three apples in his
hand. They were all gold.

He threw one right before
Atalanta.

She saw how beautiful it
was.

She stopped to get it.

Then the boy won the race.



“Good for the boy!” said Harry.

“He knew what girls like.”

“I would not have stopped,” said Mabel.

“I would,” said Helen.

“It is nothing to win a race. I should rather have a gold apple.”

“So should I too,” said John

“I would not throw away a gold apple.

I would lose the race first.”

“I would not,” said Harry.

“I should rather win the race.

I like that story, John.

Now I will tell you a story.

Be still, Rex.”

THE LITTLE PINE TREE

I

Once there was a little pine
tree in the woods.

Its leaves were long, green
needles.

The little tree did not like
needles.

It said, "I want leaves.

But I want gold leaves."

II

Night came.

The little tree went to sleep.

In the morning it had gold
leaves.

It said, "How beautiful my
leaves are!

How happy I am!"



III

A man came to the woods.

The man had a bag.

He took the gold leaves.

He put them in the bag.

Then he took them home.

So the little tree had no
leaves,

“What shall I do?” it said.

“I do not want green leaves.

I will have glass leaves.”

iv

At night the little tree went
to sleep.

Morning came.

The tree had glass leaves.

How beautiful they were!

The little tree was happy all
the morning.

v

Then the wind blew.

It broke all the beautiful
leaves.

Again the tree had no leaves.

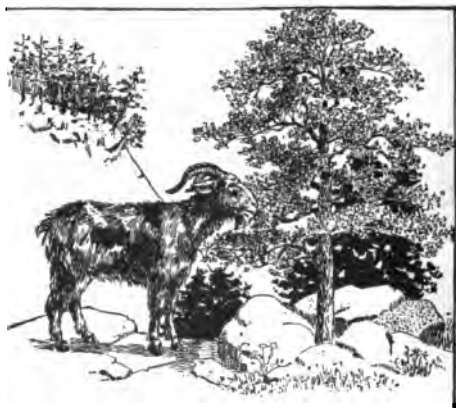


It said, "I do not want gold
leaves.

I do not want glass leaves.
I will have green leaves."

So the little tree went to sleep.
In the morning it had green
leaves.

Then it was happy again.
But a goat saw the little tree.
The green leaves looked good.
So the goat ate them all.



“What shall I do?” said she.

“A man took my gold leaves.
The wind broke my glass
leaves.

A goat ate my green leaves.
I wish I had my needles.”

At night the little tree went
to sleep.

In the morning it had long,
green needles again.

Then the little pine tree was
happy.



Did you see my box of paints
and my books, John?

Mabel gave them to me.

The paints are beautiful,
Harry.

So is the book, John.

Here are all the letters in it.

Do you know all the letters?

"I know them when I see
them," said Helen.

"Let us paint them.

Then we shall know them.

Each choose a color.

Then we will all paint the
letters.

We will paint the big ones
and the little ones, one at
a time."



"I choose red," said Mabel.

"I choose yellow," said John.

"Green is my color," said
Helen.

"I shall take blue," said
Harry.

You paint the first one,
Mabel.

That is not hard. A, red A.

"I know B," said John, "yel-
low B."

"And C is green," said Helen.

"Here goes blue D," said
Harry

"What comes next, let me see?

I know, E, red E.

F is next, that is yellow."

Helen painted a green G.

Aa Bb Cc Dd

Ee Ff Gg Hh

Ii Jj Kk Ll

Mm Nn Oo Pp

Qq Rr Ss Tt

Uu Vv Ww Xx

Yy Zz

Harry painted a blue H.
Soon John said, "Here is Z,
the last, yellow Z.

The letters are all painted.
We can read any book now.
Mother said she would give
me a book, when I knew
all the letters."

The next morning John's
mother gave him a book.
All wanted to read it.

John said, "I will read one
story. Then Harry can
read, then Mabel, then
Helen

We will do that every day
until we have read all
the stories."

But Helen said, "Oh, John,
you and Harry want to
read first every day."

You may read first, Helen.

I do not care; do you, Mabel?

No, let John read first. It is
his book.

So John read a story about a
little girl called Goody
Two Shoes.





GOODY TWO SHOES

I

Once there was a poor little girl. She had but one shoe. Somebody gave her a pair of new shoes.

Then the little girl was glad. She put on the shoes. Then she said to all she met:

“O, Goody! Two shoes!”

So every one began to call her Goody Two Shoes.



II

Goody Two Shoes was very poor.

She could not go to school.

But she asked the other children to teach her.

They said, "You may take our books."

So she took their books.

Soon she could read very well.

III

Then Goody Two Shoes said.

"I will teach the little children to read."

She took some pieces of wood, and cut letters out of them.

She made some large letters
like these:

A B C D E F G H I J K
L M N O P Q R S T U V
W X Y Z.

And she made small letters
like these:

a b c d e f g h i j k l m
n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

IV

Then Goody Two Shoes put
the letters into a basket.

First she went to Billy's home.

She knocked at the door, tap,
tap, tap!

Oh, here is Goody Two Shoes.

Good morning, Goody.

Good morning, Billy.

Do you want to learn your
letters, Billy?

Yes, Goody, if you please.

Then Goody Two Shoes took
the letters from the box
and put them all down
like this:

b d f h k m o q s u w y z
a c e g i l n p r t v x j

Billy looked at all the letters.
Then he took them up, one
after another, and gave
the right name to each.

"Good! Billy," said Goody.

"You know all your letters."



Then Goody Two Shoes took
her letters and went to
Mr. Cook's house.

Here were a number of chil-
dren.

Goody Two Shoes asked a
little boy,

"What did you have for din-
ner?"



The boy said, "Bread."

"Well, then," said she, "put
down the first letter."

He put down a big B.

The next boy put down r;

The next, e, the next, a,

And the next, d.

"See," she said, "that spells
bread.

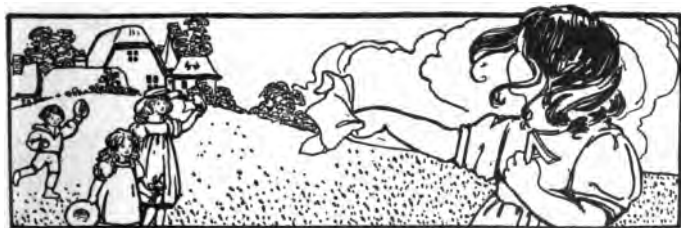
What did you have for your
dinner, Polly?"

"Apple pie," answered Polly.
Then one girl set up a big A.
The next two each set up p.
Soon the two words Apple
and Pie were made, like
this: Apple Pie.

They had a long lesson, and
then Goody went home.

Before many days all the
children could read.

They all thanked Goody Two
Shoes.



Mabel came to Helen's house.
Helen had a tub of water.

She had some soap, too.

All her dolls' clothes were
there.

The dolls were in bed. They
had no clothes to put on.

"What are you doing,
Helen?" asked Mabel.

I am washing the dolls'
clothes.

Take off your doll's clothes.

Put her in bed with my dolls.

We will wash all the clothes.

Then we will dry them.

The girls washed the clothes.

Then they sang the washing
song.





“This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes,
So early in the morning.”

“This is the way we iron our clothes,
Iron our clothes, iron our clothes,
This is the way we iron our clothes,
So early in the morning.”

Soon the clothes were all
washed and ironed.

The girls dressed the dolls.

Then the dolls could get up.

“I think my dolls are glad
to get up,” said Helen.

Now what shall we do?

Let us go and see the ducks.

Mrs. Duck has some little ducks.

Good morning, Mrs. Duck.

“Quack, quack,” said Mrs. Duck.

Where are you going, Mrs. Duck?

I am going to the pond!

I shall take my little ones.

Are they not pretty ducks?

Yes, Mrs. Duck, they are very pretty little ducks.

Are you not afraid they will fall into the water?

Fall in! They will jump in. They can swim.



I wish I could swim, Mabel.
Some girls can swim, Helen.

Oh, here come the boys!

Whoo, boys! Come here.

Come and see the ducks.

I am going to catch one of
them, girls.

Oh, John! You will fall in!

Well, I can swim.

Come here, little duck.

Oh, there you go, John!

I knew you would fall in.

Now swim, and we will pull
you out.

You are all wet.

Run home and get dry
clothes.

What will your mother say?

In the morning, Harry and
Mabel went to see John.

"How is John this morning?" asked Harry.

He has a cold, Harry.

He fell into the pond.

"We saw him," said Mabel.

John, here are the children.

"Good morning, all," said
John.

"Should you like to see my
new book?"

Yes, read it to us, John.

No, I can not; I have a cold.

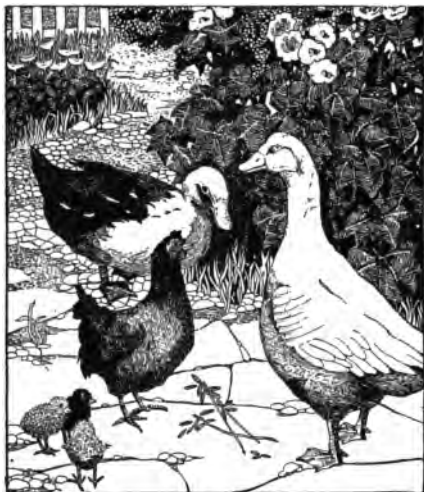
You read to us, Helen.

"Very well," said Helen.

"I will read about Red Hen."

Then Helen read this story.

RED HEN



Red Hen was in the garden.
She saw some wheat.

“Who will plant the wheat?”
said Red Hen.

“I will not,” said the goose.

“I will not,” said the duck.

“I will, then,” said Red Hen,
and she planted the
wheat.

The wheat grew and grew.
Red Hen said, "Who will cut
this wheat?"

"I will not," said the goose.

"I will not," said the duck.

"I will not," said the cat.

"I will, then," said Red Hen,
and she cut the wheat.

"Who will take this corn to
the mill?"

"I will not," said the goose.

"I will not," said the duck.

"I will not," said the cat.

"I will not," said the dog.

"I will, then," said Red Hen,
and she took the wheat to
the mill.

There it was made into flour.



“Home again,” said Red Hen.

“Who will make this flour into bread?”

“I will not,” said the goose.

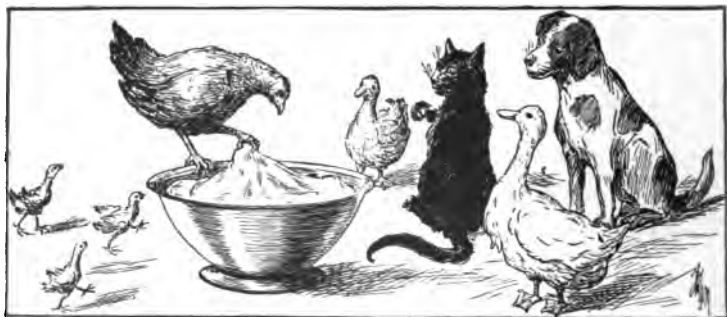
“I will not,” said the duck.

“I will not,” said the cat.

“I will not,” said the dog.

“No, no, we will not,” said the goose and the duck and the cat and the dog.

“I will, then,” said Red Hen, and she made the flour into bread.



"Now I will bake this bread.
The bread is baked, the bread
is baked !" said Red Hen.

"Who will eat this bread?"

"Oh, I will!" said the cat.

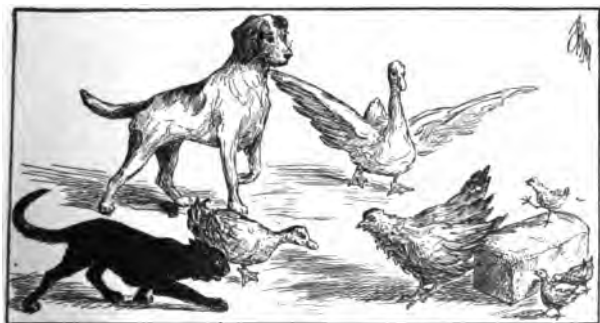
"No, I will!" said the dog.

"No, no, I will!" said the
goose.

"No, no, no, I will!" said the
duck.

"No," said Red Hen, "I will!"

So Red Hen ate the bread.



“Now, let us play:

Now We Go Round the Mul-
berry Bush!” said John.

“Shall we, girls?”

“I will,” said Mabel, “I can
sing.”

“I will,” said Helen, “I can
sing, too.”

Round and round they went.

And the boys and girls sang:

Here we go round the
mulberry bush,

The mulberry bush, the
mulberry bush,

Here we go round the
mulberry bush,

So early in the morning.





That was fun, girls.
Now what shall we do?
Let us play "Lady Bug."
The dolls will sing the song.
Oh, dolls! you will not sing?
Very well, we will sing.

Lady Bug, Lady Bug,
Fly away home.
Your house is on fire.
Your children will burn.

Now, Helen, tell us a story.

"Let me think," said Helen.

"What shall I tell about?

Oh, I know. I will tell about
Humpty-Dumpty."

"Once there was a boy.

His name was Humpty-
Dumpty.

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a
wall.

Humpty-Dumpty had a fall.

He could not get up again.

Then there is something
about horses.

Oh, I do not know it all."

"I do, I do," said Harry.

"Then you tell it," said Helen.

“Well,” Harry said, “Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a fall,
Not all the King’s horses,
Not all the King’s men,—”
“Oh, yes, now I know it,”
said Helen.
“I can tell it now.”

(Read and then learn)

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a
wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great
fall,
Not all the King’s horses,
Not all the King’s men,
Could set Humpty-Dumpty
up again.



It was Christmas morning.
John and Helen were up
very early.

“Merry Christmas!” they
shouted.

Then they went in and kissed
their father and mother.

“Now we will all see what
Santa Claus has brought.
Oh, see, I have a new sled!”
called John.

“I have a doll!” shouted Helen.
“I have a book, too.”

“So have I,” said John.

“Oh, thank you, dear Santa
Claus,” whispered Helen.

“Thank you, Santa,” said
John.





After breakfast, Mabel and Harry came with their presents.

“See my red sled,” said Harry.

“Mine is blue,” said John.

“I have a lovely doll,” said Mabel. “So have I, Mabel,” said Helen.

“I have a story book, too.”

“And I,” said all the others.

Oh, look out of doors, Harry!
It is snowing now. Good,
good!

We will try our new sleds.

Come, girls, come with us!

We will ride down hill.

Thank you, boys, we will.

John, let me ride on your
sled?

Yes, Helen, I will take you.

I want to ride with you, John.

No, Mabel, you ride with
Harry.

Oh, well! I like a red sled
best, anyway.

We will race.

Which sled will get down
first?



Now, are you all ready?

One, two three,—go!

“Oh, we are first,” said Mabel.

“The red sled is best after
all.”

Thank you, boys.

That was a fine ride.

Do you want another ride,
girls?

No, boys, it is too cold.

You can ride on your sleds
awhile.

Then come and play with us.

The boys played alone
awhile.

Then Harry said, “Oh, this
is no fun, John.

Let us go and play with the
girls."

See, they have a snowman.

It is a good one, too.

But we will tease them
about it.

Oh, girls, who made the
snowman?

Why, who do you think
made it?

It must have been some
boy.

Why, no, we made it.

What! you girls made that
snowman!

Yes, we girls made it.

Is it not a fine snowman?

Oh, pretty good for girls.



You boys can not make a better one.

Let us make one, and show them, Harry.

Oh, one is enough, John.

"You are afraid," said the girls.

"No, we just do not want to," said Harry.

It is cold out here, girls.

Let us go in and read in our new books, and say verses.

That will be more fun.

They went into the house.

John said the verses about "The Snowflakes."

Then they read in their books.

(To be learned and used for drill)

THE SNOWFLAKES

Four and twenty snowflakes
Came tumbling from the sky,
And said, "Let's make a snowdrift;
We can if we but try."

So down they gently fluttered
And lighted on the ground,
And when they all were seated
They sadly looked around.

"We're very few indeed," sighed they,
"And we sometimes make mistakes;
We cannot make a snowdrift
With four and twenty flakes."

Just then the sun peeped round a cloud,
And smiled at the array,
And the disappointed snowflakes
Melted quietly away.



First Harry read a story.

Then Helen read. John
read next, and Mabel last.
Each read a story from one
of the new books.

Then Harry said,

Let us read every day.

“All right, we will,” shouted
the children.

Here are some of the stories
that they read.

DOG TOM

A big wolf met Dog Tom.

"Now I have you, Tom," said he. "I am going to eat you."

Oh, do not eat me, Mr. Wolf. Then get me a bone, and I will not eat you.

Dog Tom ran to the cook.

Cook, cook, give me a bone.

I will give the bone to the wolf, and then he will not eat me.

Yes, Tom, if you will bring me a chicken, I will give you a bone.

Tom ran to the hen.

Hen, hen, give me a chicken!



I will give the chicken to
the cook.

The cook will give me a bone.
I will give the bone to the
wolf, and then he will not
eat me.

"I will," said the hen, "if you
will bring me some corn."

Tom ran to the mill.

Mill, mill, give me some corn.

I will give it to the hen.

The hen will give me a
chicken.

I will give the chicken to
the cook.

The cook will give me a bone.
I will give it to the wolf, and
then he will not eat me.



“I will,” said the mill, “if you
will bring me some water.”
Tom ran to the pond.
Pond, pond, give me some
water.
I will give the water to the
mill.

The mill will give me some
corn.

I will give the corn to the hen.
The hen will give me a
chicken.

I will give the chicken to
the cook.

The cook will give me a bone.

I will give the bone to the
wolf, and then he will not
eat me.

Then the pond gave Tom
some water.

Tom gave the water to the
mill.

The mill gave him some corn.

He gave the corn to the hen.

The hen gave him a chicken.

Then the wolf will not get
me, and he will not get
the bone."



THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

Once there was a little old woman.

One day she went to market.
She went to get a pig.

On the way home she came
to a fence.

The little old woman said:
“Pig, pig, jump over the
fence.”

But the pig would not.

Then the little old woman
said to her dog:

“Dog, dog, bite pig; Pig will
not jump over the fence;
And I shall not get home to-
night.”

But the dog would not.



Then the little old woman
said to her stick:

“Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the
fence;
And I shall not get home to-
night.”

But the stick would not.
So the little old woman made
a fire and said:

“Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick will not beat dog;
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the
fence;
And I shall not get home to-
night.”



But the fire would not.
Next, the little old woman
went to the well and said:
“Water, water, quench fire;
Fire will not burn stick;
Stick will not beat dog;
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the
fence;
And I shall not get home
to-night.”
But the water would not.

Then the old woman called
to the ox:

“Ox, ox, drink water;
Water will not quench fire;
Fire will not burn stick;
Stick will not beat dog;
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the
fence;
And I shall not get home to-
night.”

But the ox would not.
So the little old woman called
to the butcher:

“Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox will not drink water;
Water will not quench fire;
Fire will not burn stick;



Stick will not beat dog;
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the
fence;
And I shall not get home to-
night.”

But the butcher would not.
Then the little old woman
said to a rope:
“Rope, rope, hang butcher;

Butcher will not kill ox;
Ox will not drink water;
Water will not quench fire;
Fire will not burn stick;
Stick will not beat dog;
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the
fence;

And I shall not get home to-
night."

But the rope would not.

Now a mouse had been look-
ing at the little old woman.

So she said:

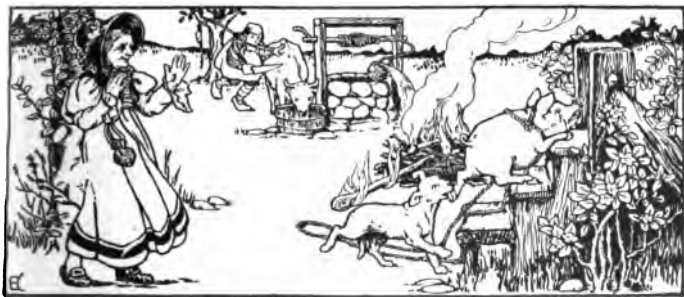
"Mouse, mouse, gnaw rope;
Rope will not hang butcher;
Butcher will not kill ox;
Ox will not drink water;

Water will not quench fire;
Fire will not burn stick;
Stick will not beat dog;
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the
fence;
And I shall not get home to-
night.”

“Yes, yes, I will,” said the
mouse.

Then the mouse began to
gnaw the rope;
The rope began to hang the
butcher;
The butcher began to kill
the ox;
The ox began to drink the
water;

The water began to quench
the fire;
The fire began to burn the
stick;
The stick began to beat the
dog;
The dog began to bite the
pig;
The pig began to jump over
the fence;
And the little old woman got
home that night.



(To be used for drill)

MY BED IS A BOAT

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say,
"Good night," to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away,
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

— R. L. STEVENSON.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

This is the house that Jack
built.



This is the malt
that lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the rat
that ate the malt
that lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the cat
that killed the rat
that ate the malt



that lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the dog
that worried the cat
that killed the rat
that ate the malt
that lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the cow with the
crumpled horn
that tossed the dog
that worried the cat

that killed the rat
that ate the malt
that lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the maiden all
forlorn
that milked the cow with
the crumpled horn
that tossed the dog
that worried the cat
that killed the rat
that ate the malt
that lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the man all
tattered and torn
that married the

maiden all forlorn
that milked the
cow with the
crumpled horn
that tossed the dog
that worried the cat
that killed the rat
that ate the malt
that lay in the house
that Jack built.





THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

Once upon a time a cat was playing with a mouse in a malt house.

Now the cat did not stop to think, but he bit the mouse's little long tail right off—snip!

The poor little mouse said:

“Please, puss, give me back
my little long tail.”

But the puss said: “No, I’ll
not give you back your
tail, unless you go to the
cow and get me some
milk.”

Then off went the mouse.

First she leaped, and then
she ran.

She came to the cow, and
thus began:

“Please, cow, give me some
milk, that I may give it
to the cat. Then she will
give me back my little
long tail.”

"No," said the cow, "I will give you no milk, unless you go to the farmer and get me some hay."

Then off went the mouse.

First she leaped, and then she ran.

She came to the farmer, and thus began:

"Please, farmer, give me some hay. I will give it to the cow. Then she will give me some milk for the cat.

The cat will then give me back my little long tail."

"No," said the farmer, "I will give you no hay, unless

you get me some meat
from the butcher.”

Then off went the mouse.

First she leaped, and then
she ran.

She came to the butcher, and
thus began:

“Please, butcher, give me
some meat. I will give it
to the farmer, who will
give me hay for the cow.



The cow will give me milk
for the cat, who will then
give me back my little
long tail."

"No," said the butcher, "I
will give you no meat,
unless you get me some
bread from the baker."

Then off went the mouse.

First she leaped, and then
she ran.

She came to the baker, and
thus began:

"Please, baker, give me some
bread for the butcher.
Then the butcher will
give me some meat for
the farmer, who will give



me hay for the cow.
The cow will give me milk
for the cat, who will give
me back my little long
tail.”

“Well,” said the baker, “I
will give you some bread.
But eat not my meal, or I’ll
cut off your head.”



So the good baker gave the mouse some bread. The mouse gave the bread to the butcher, who gave him some meat.

The mouse gave the meat to the farmer, who gave him an armful of hay. The mouse gave the hay to the cow, and the cow gave the mouse some milk for the cat.

Then the cat drank the milk, and gave the mouse his little long tail. And they went on playing in the malt house.

(To be learned)

THE RAINDROPS' RIDE

Some little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey,
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for a carriage,
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country,
They rode along at ease.

But oh, there were so many,
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling,
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses,
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them,
And carried them all home.

JOHNNY CAKE

Once upon a time, a little old woman, a little old man, and a little boy, all lived in a little old house.

One morning the old woman made a Johnny Cake.

She put it into the oven.

Then she said to the boy,
“You watch the Johnny Cake. Don’t let it burn.

Father and I will go into the garden.”

So the old woman and the old man went out to the garden.

The boy watched the oven for a little while.

Then he grew sleepy. His
head went nid, nod, nid.
Suddenly he heard a noise.
He looked up just in time
to see Johnny Cake jump
out of the oven.

The little boy ran to the door,
but Johnny Cake was too
quick for him.

Out of the door and down the
road ran Johnny Cake.

The little boy ran after him.

“Johnny Cake is running
away,” he cried.

Then the old man and the
old woman began to run
after Johnny Cake, but
they could not catch him.



On went Johnny Cake. Soon
he met two well diggers.
Johnny Cake made up a face
at the well diggers and
called to them:

“I’ve run away from a little
boy, an old man, and an
old woman.

And I can run away from
you, too!”

“You can, can you?” said
the well diggers.

“We will see about that.”



They left the well and ran
after Johnny Cake. But
they could not catch him.
On went Johnny Cake.
Soon he came to two
ditch diggers.

Johnny Cake laughed at the
ditch diggers and cried:

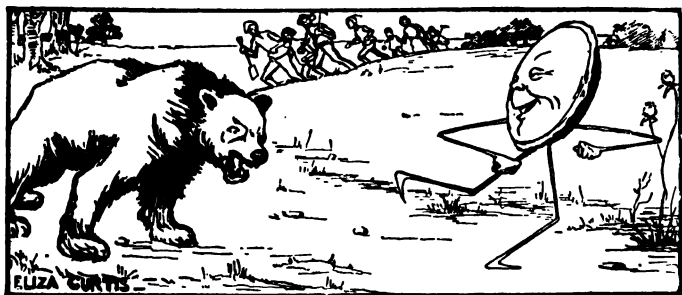
“I outran a little boy, an old
man, an old woman, and
two well diggers.

And I can outrun you, too!”

“You can, can you?” said
the ditch diggers.

“We will see about that.”

They ran after Johnny Cake;
they ran and ran. But
they could not catch him.



On went Johnny Cake till
he met a bear.

Johnny Cake growled at the
bear and said:

"I outran a little boy, an old
man, an old woman, two
well diggers, and two ditch
diggers.

And I can outrun you, too!"

"You can, can you?" said he.

"We will see about that."

He started after Johnny
Cake; he ran and ran.



But it was of no use.

On went Johnny Cake till
he met a wolf.

Johnny Cake danced up to
the wolf and said:

“I outran a little boy, an old
man, an old woman, two
well diggers, two ditch
diggers and a bear.

And I can outrun you, too!”

“You can, can you?” said
the wolf.

“We will see about that.”

The wolf started after Johnny
Cake; he ran and ran.

But he could not catch him.

On went Johnny Cake. At
last he met a fox.

“Where are you going?” said
the fox.

Johnny put out his tongue
and said:

“I outran a little boy, an old
man, an old woman, two
well diggers, two ditch
diggers, a bear, and a
wolf.

And I can outrun you, too!”

“I can not hear you,” said
the fox. “Come closer.”

Johnny Cake went closer
and said in a loud voice:

“I outran a little boy, an old
man, an old woman, two
well diggers, two ditch
diggers, a bear, and a wolf.
And I can outrun you, too!”

“Come just a little closer,
please,” said the fox. “I
do not hear well.”

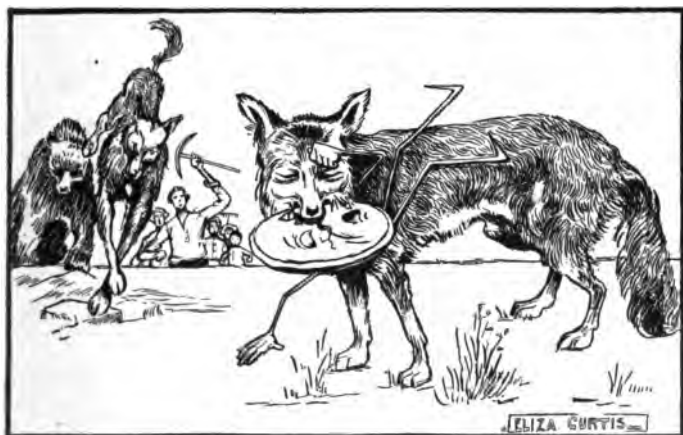
Johnny Cake went very
close and said as loud as
he could:

“I outran a little boy, an old
man, an old woman, two
well diggers, two ditch
diggers, a bear, and a wolf.
And I can outrun you, too!”

"You can, can you?" said
the fox.

"Then run down my throat."
Then the fox gobbled Johnny
Cake, as quick as that!

"Good-by," said Johnny Cake.
"I ran well, anyway."



(To be learned)

BED TIME

1

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

2

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

3

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

— R. L. STEVENSON.

TEENY, TINY LADY

Once upon a time there was
a teeny, tiny lady.

She lived in a teeny, tiny
house in a teeny, tiny
town.

One day this teeny, tiny
lady put on her teeny,
tiny bonnet.

She tied the teeny, tiny
strings under her teeny,
tiny chin.

Then she thought she would
go for a teeny, tiny walk.

So she walked till she came
to a teeny, tiny gate.

It led into a teeny, tiny field.

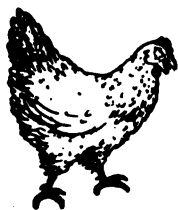
The teeny, tiny lady opened



the gate, and walked into
the field.

There, under a teeny, tiny
tree, sat a teeny, tiny hen.

“This teeny, tiny
hen will lay me
a teeny, tiny
egg for my
teeny, tiny breakfast,” said
the teeny, tiny lady.



So she took the teeny, tiny
hen and put it into her
teeny, tiny bag.

Then she went home again.

When she came to her
teeny, tiny house, she felt
a teeny, tiny tired.

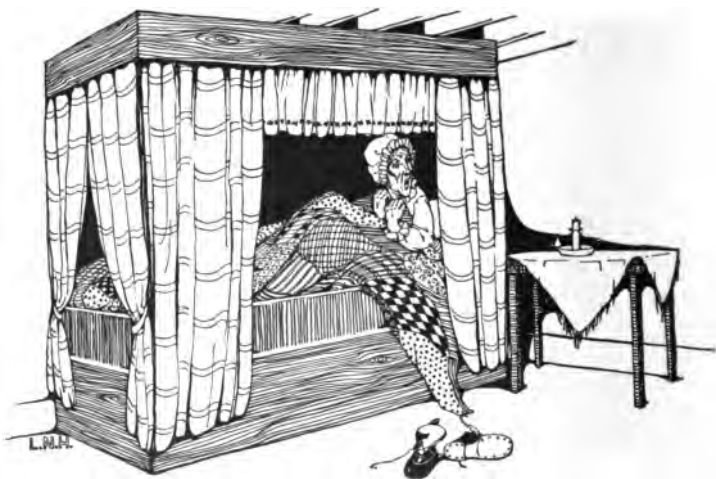
So she put the teeny, tiny

hen into her teeny, tiny
cupboard.

She went upstairs to take a
teeny, tiny nap.

She had not been asleep long
when she heard a teeny,
tiny voice. The voice
said, "Give me my hen."

Then the teeny, tiny lady



was a teeny, tiny afraid,
but she pulled the teeny,
tiny quilt up to her teeny,
tiny chin. Then she went
to sleep again.

Soon she heard the teeny,
tiny voice again. It said
a little louder, "Give me
my hen!"

Then she was a teeny, tiny
more afraid.

So she hid her teeny, tiny
head in her teeny, tiny
quilt, and she went to
sleep again.

But very soon the voice
called again, very loud,
"GIVE ME MY HEN!"

Then the teeny tiny lady sat up in bed, and she called out in a loud teeny, tiny voice, "Take it!"

In the morning the teeny, tiny lady went downstairs and looked in her teeny, tiny cupboard; and what do you think?

The teeny, tiny hen was *gone*!



(To be read to the children or memorized)

WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

— ROBERT L. STEVENSON.



THE WEE, WEE MAN

Once upon a time, there
lived a wee, wee man,
and he had a huge, huge
cow.

One morning very early the
wee, wee man went out
to milk his huge, huge
cow, and he said to her:

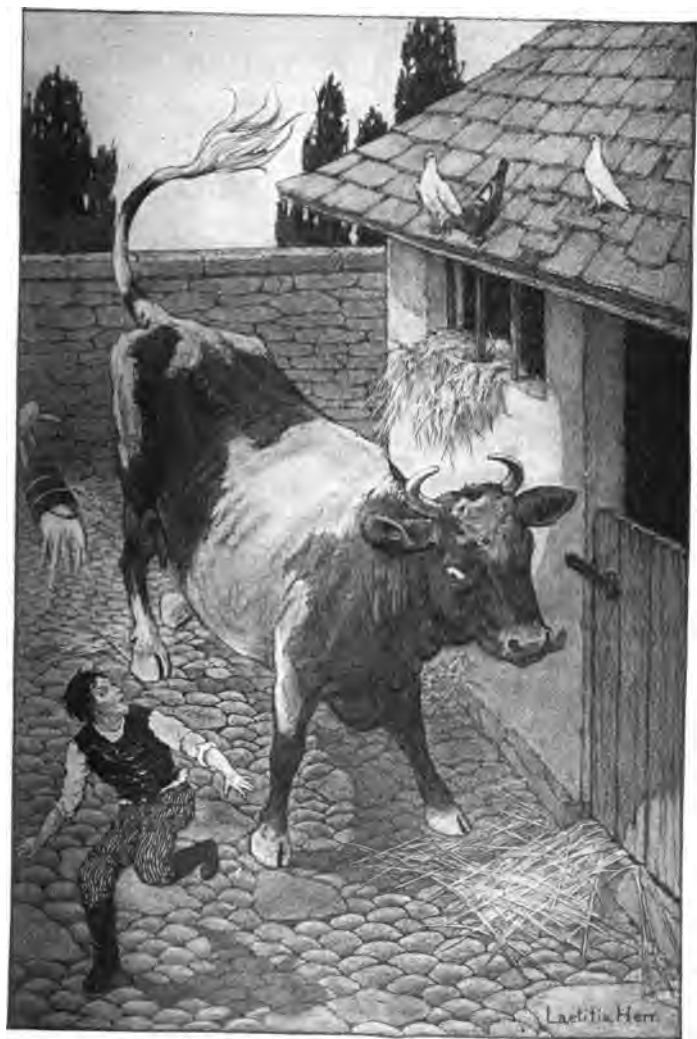
“Hold still, my cow, my
pretty,

Hold still, my pretty, my
cow,

And you shall have “for
dinner

A cake of milk-white dough.”

But the huge, huge cow
would not stand still.



She jumped and she danced
and she kicked and she
spilled all the milk.

So the wee, wee man cried
out in a loud voice:

“Hold still, my cow, my
dearie,

And fill my bucket with
milk,

And if you are not contrary,
I’ll give you a gown of silk.”

But the huge, huge cow
would not stand still.

“Now, look at that,” said the
wee, wee man.

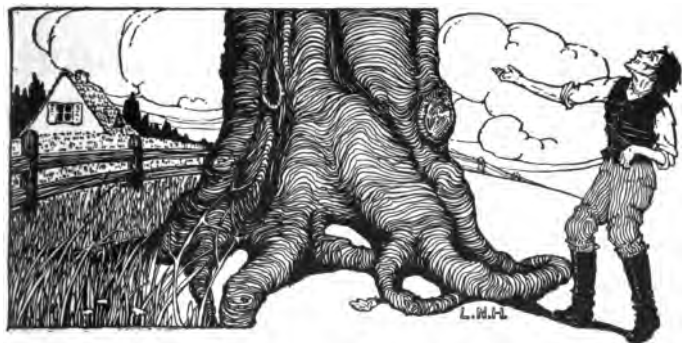
“What is a wee, wee man to do
With such a huge, huge cow
as you?”

Then off he went to his
grandmother's house, and
to his grandmother said:
"Cow will not stand still.

Wee, wee man cannot
milk her."

"Take a stick and shake it at
her," said his grandmother.

So off went wee, wee man
to the big tree for a stick,
and to the tree he said:



Break, stick, break,
And I'll give you a cake."
But the stick would not
break.

And the wee, wee man went
back to his grandmother's
house, saying:

'Grandmother, grandmother,
stick will not break;
huge, huge cow will not
stand still; wee, wee man
can not milk her."

"Then go to the butcher and
ask him to tie the cow"
said the grandmother.

So off went the wee, wee
man to the butcher, and
to the butcher he said:

“Butcher, tie the huge, huge cow. She is good for nothing, and she dances now.”

But the butcher would not. So the wee, wee man went back to his grandmother's house, saying:

“Grandmother, grandmother, butcher will not come; stick will not break; huge, huge cow will not stand still; wee, wee man can not milk her. What is wee, wee man to do?”

“I know not,” said his grandmother. Just then, along came a little girl with a cup in her hand.

“Please give me milk to make a cake,” said the little girl; “my mother would bake to-day.”

“Run,” said grandmother to the wee, wee man;

“Tell the huge, huge cow a pretty little lady with long, yellow hair is waiting for a cup of milk.”

So the wee, wee man ran as fast as his wee, wee legs would carry him, and he said to the cow:

“You will not stand for the gown of silk.

Will you give the pretty lady a cup of milk?”



“Moo, moo,” said the huge,
huge cow in a huge,
huge voice, “that I will.”
So she stood very still, and
did not jump, nor dance,
nor kick.

That is how the wee, wee
man milked his huge,
huge cow, after all.

(To be learned)

THE COW

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she can not stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet by all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass,
And eats the meadow flowers.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MASTER CHANTICLEER AND DAME HEN

Once upon a time, Master Chanticleer and Dame Hen went walking. Soon they came to a brook.

They tried to fly over it, but, splash! into the water fell Master Chanticleer.

Then Dame Hen ran and ran, until she came to a farmer's house.

In at the door she flew, crying, "Cut-cut-ca-da-cut!"

"What ails you, Dame Hen?" asked the Churn.

"Master Chanticleer lies at the bottom of the brook," cried Dame Hen.



"Sad news, sad news," cried the Churn, and it began to grind and groan.

"What ails you, Churn?" asked the Door.

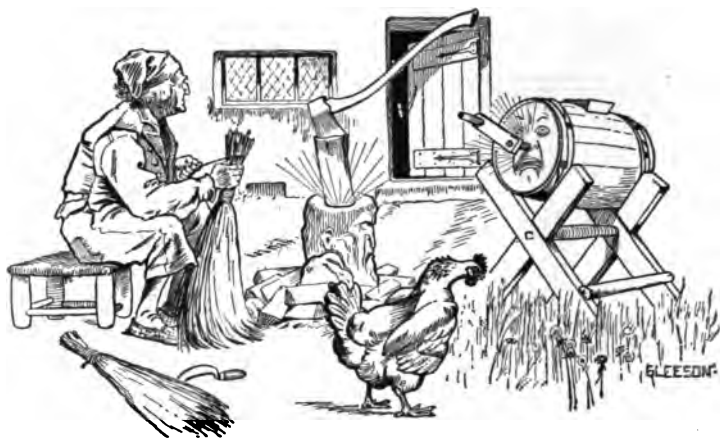
"Sad news, sad news," cried the Churn. "Master Chanticleer lies at the bottom of the brook.

Dame Hen clucks, and I grind and groan."

"Ah, me!" cried the Door, and it began to slam.

"What ails you, Door?" asked the Ax.

"Sad news, sad news," cried the Door. "Master Chanticleer lies at the bottom



of the brook.

Dame Hen clucks; the Churn
grinds and groans, and I
whistle and slam."

"Ah, me," cried the Ax, and
it began to chop.

"What ails the Ax?" cried
the Man, who sat in the
garden, tying brooms.

"Sad news, sad news" cried



the Ax. "Master Chanticleer lies in the bottom of the brook.

Dame Hen clucks; the Churn grinds and groans; the Door slams; so I chop."

"Ah, me," cried the Man, and he began to tear his brooms.



“What ails you, Man?” asked Goody, who was stirring the porridge over the fire. “Sad news, sad news, Goody,” said the Man. “Master Chanticleer lies in the bottom of the brook. Dame Hen clucks; the Churn grinds and groans; the Door whistles and slams; the Ax chops and cuts; so I tear my brooms.”

“Ah, me,” cried Goody, and she began throwing the porridge away.

Now when Dame Hen saw how the Churn began to grind and groan, how the Door began to whistle and slam, the Ax to chop and cut, the Man to tear his brooms, and Goody to throw the porridge away, she was frightened.

She ran and ran and ran as fast as she could, until she came to the brook. What do you think she saw?

There on the bank sat Master Chanticleer.

He was drying his feathers.
He had not gone to the bottom of the brook at all, for a duck had been so kind as to help him out. So Master Chanticleer and Dame Hen went to the farm.

They told the Churn and the Door and the Ax and the Man and Goody that the sad news was no news after all.

And Goody gave them all some corn.

LIST OF DIFFICULT NEW WORDS

1. old, friends. 3. which, bite, never, such. 4. long, tail, warm, coat, hurt, harm. 5, 6. spin, dizzy, fall, swims, floor. 8. soon, before, spinning, until. 10. window, flew, shook. 11. stronger, talk, stay. 13. away, wings. 14. drum, march, baker, butcher, candle, fair. 16. tag, hit, hard. 17. climb, fences, apples. 18. Atalanta, stopped, ahead. 20. rather, nothing. 21. pine, needles, leaves, gold, happy. 22, 23. glass, blew, broke. 24. goat, ate. 26. paints, box, know, choose, letters. 28. blue, yellow, red, green. 31. read, story, first, care, Goody Two Shoes. 32. once, pair, somebody, met, poor. 34. teach, pieces, wood, cut. 35. basket, knocked. 36. another, Billy. 37. asked, number, dinner. 38. bread, next. 39. pie, words, lesson. 40. tub, water, soap, clothes, washed. 42. early, think, way. 43. ducks, quack, afraid, swim. 45. knew. 46. cold, pond. 47. garden, wheat, goose. 48. grew, mill, flour. 52. mulberry, bush. 54. Lady Bug, fire, burn, lazy. 55. about, wall, Humpty Dumpty. 56. King's, great, set. 58. Christmas, early, brought, sled, shouted, whispered. 60. presents, lovely, breakfast. 61. snowing, ride, hill, best. 63. ready, awhile.

alone. 64. tease, snowman. 66. show, enough, snowflakes. 69. bone, cook, wolf, chicken, bring. 77. women, market, tonight. 79. stick, burn, fire, quench. 83. gnaw, hang, rope. 86. crumpled, horn, tossed, forlorn, maiden. 90. tattered, torn. 92. leaped, unless. 94. farmer, hay. 95. meat, butcher. 100. cake, watch, sleepy. 101. noise, heard, just, quick, suddenly. 103. cried, diggers, face. 104. ditch, laughed, started. 105. growled, bear. 106. till. 107. last, tongue, put. 108. closer, loud, voice, please. 109. throat, gobbled, quick. 111. tiny, lady, town, bonnet, strings, chin, gate. 113. bag, under. 114. felt, tired, cupboard, upstairs, nap. 115. quilt, bed. 118. wee, huge, dinner, kicked, spilled. 120. bucket, contrary, silk. 121. stick, shake. 127. nuts, tried, splash, matter. 129. groan, grind, churn, whistle. 130. ax, tying, brooms, slams, chop. 131. porridge, frightened. 133. throwing. 134. bank, feathers, help, kind.

THE SOUNDS OF LETTERS

ade	aid	ake	age
wade	laid	sake	rage
waded	maid	rake	cage
shade	braid	lake	gage
made	raid	stake	stage

ay	ame	ane	ave
say	same	lane	wave
ray	name	vane	cave
stay	lame	cane	gave
tray	game	sane	brave

ail	ain	ape	ab
pail	pain	cape	drab
nail	chain	cape s	slab
sail	grain	shape	crab
	main	tape	grab

ad	amp	ag	ap
sad	lamp	rag	n ap
bad	damp	bag	s ap
glad	camp	drag	m ap
	tramp	tag	r ap

eed	ead	ere	een
reed	bead	here	seen
heed	plead	mere	keen
weed	lead	sphere	queer
deed	read	sere	screen

ean	eer	ear	eel
d ean	d eer	f ear	f eel
m ean	ch eer	t ear	k eel
l ean	st eer	d ear	r eel
b ean	p eer	h ear	st eel
eal	eep	eap	eek
p eal	w eep	l eap	s eek
m eal	d eep	ch eap	ch eek
d eal	k eep	h eap	cr eek
h eal	sl eep	r eap	m eek
eak	ed	en	em
l eak	f ed	m en	h em
sn eak	b ed	t en	h em s
sp eak	Fr ed	p en	st em
cr eak	sl ed	h en	g em
est	ent	ell	edge
r est	s ent	f ell	l edge
v est	r ent	sh ell	h edge
ch est	l ent	sw ell	sl edge
ch est nut	b ent	sp ell	dr edge
ess	ide	ife	ile
m ess	s ide	f ife	m ile
bl ess	w ide	str ife	p ile
bl ess ing	sl ide	w ife	f ile
dr ess	gl ide	l ife	wh ile
ime	ine	ire	ite
pr ime	f ine	f ire	b ite
t ime	v ine	t ire	k ite
d ime	sh ine	h ire	m ite
l ime	tw ine	w ire	wh ite

ike	ipe	ight	ind
dike	anipe	right	kind
strike	wipe	nigh	blind
like	pipe	bright	find
pike	ripe	tight	mind
ing	ig	im	ip
king	fig	rim	ship
thing	dig	brim	whip
bring	pig	trim	drip
swing	twig	swim	slip
id	ift	ilt	ib
lid	sift	gilt	bib
hid	drift	hilt	jib
kid	swift	jilt	crib
slid	lift	wilt	rib
ish	int	in	iss
wish	mint	tin	miss
dish	tint	pin	kiss
fish	hint	grin	bliss
swish	sprint	win	hiss
ix	ode	oad	oke
fix	mode	toad	joke
mix	rode	goad	stroke
mixing	bode	road	spoke
six	lode	load	woke
ole	oll	oal	ow
mole	poll	coals	tow
pole	roll	fual	show
hole	scroll	goal	slow
whole	droll	shoal	flow

ope	oe	oan	one
r ope	h oe	m oan	d one
h ope	t oe	r oan	c one
gr ope	f oe	gr oan	al one
m ope	w oe	l oan	st one
ore	ove	oar	ose
sh ore	cl ove	s oar	r ose
st ore	gr ove	b oar	h ose
sc ore	dr ove	r oar	ch ose
w ore	st ove	h oar	th ose
og	ob	od	ong
l og	s ob	s od	s ong
h og	r ob	c od	l ong
b og	j ob	r od	g ong
fr og	m ob	n od	str ong
op	ot	oth	ute
h op	l ot	m oth	c ute
sh op	h ot	br oth	m ute
ch op	d ot	cl oth	br ute
st op	tr ot	sl oth	l ute
use	ude	une	ump
ab use	d ude	d une	j ump
f use	cr ude	t une	pl ump
am use	r ude	pr une	st ump
acc use	pr ude	r une	cl ump
ut	uff	ush	un
n ut	m uff	h ush	f un
b ut	c uff	br ush	r un
c ut	h uff	pl ush	g un
h ut	p uff	r ush	sh un

THE following pages contain advertisements of
books by the same author or on kindred subjects.



THE AMERICAN SCHOOL READERS

BY

KATE F. OSWELL and C. B. GILBERT

The Primer

This is a real children's book with real stories of real children

The child's first lessons in reading should include only his familiar vocabulary. While learning the appearance of the printed symbol, he should not be forced at the same time to learn a new word as well. Hence folklore, however excellent for higher books, is not suitable for the beginners' reading book. Still the lessons should mean something and should be interesting. They should not contain merely idle combinations of words.

The American School Primer introduces real children in natural children's experiences. The same four children, with their friends and their pets, appear throughout the book. The interest grows till the end. Even the review lessons are interesting.

The pictures are *photographs of actual children*. There are sixteen colored photographs.

The vocabulary is small, carefully arranged, and frequently repeated.

The type is large and clear, the paper of dull finish, good for the eyes.

The primer is in a class by itself.

The First Reader

It is assumed that the children using this book can read the usual vocabulary of a good primer, either of this series or of any other. It is, however, closely related to the American School Primer. The children and their pets, whose acquaintance was made in that book, appear again here, with new experiences, told in the earlier pages.

But the keynote of the book is children's lore. The char-

acters of the primer appear less and less frequently and finally drop out altogether.

Carefully organized lists of words for phonic drill are given.

The eyesight of children is safeguarded by the large type and the short line.

The Second Reader

The Second Reader carries out the principles laid down in the First Reader.

It is purely literary. That is, every selection is representative of standard children's literature.

This book especially makes much use of the "repetitional" story, in which words and phrases occur repeatedly.

The more difficult words are given before the lessons in which they first occur.

The Third and Fourth Readers

The Third and Fourth Readers are collections of choice literature, graded with extreme care, suited to the third and fourth grades respectively.

The Fifth Reader

The Fifth Reader is a compilation of choice literary wholes for use in the fifth and sixth grades.

The Sixth Reader

The Sixth Reader is an annotated and carefully edited collection of masterpieces suitable for study in the higher grades.

This is the most carefully graded of all modern series of readers. It contains more good literature adapted to the needs and tastes of children than any other series.

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Publishers

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New York

The Gilbert Arithmetics

BOOKS I, II, AND III

By C. H. GLEASON, Principal Summer Avenue School, Newark, N.J., and C. B. GILBERT, formerly Superintendent of Schools, at St. Paul, Minn., Rochester, N.Y., and Newark, N.J., Author of "Stepping Stones to Literature," "Guide Books to English," "The School and Its Life," etc.

From the Newark, N.J., *School Exchange* (the books are used in Newark) :

"The ideal arithmetic for ordinary school use should be thoroughly scientific, but sufficiently untechnical and simple for the average pupil to grasp its meaning without difficulty. It should be sufficiently 'psychological,' or inductive, to lead the pupil in a very natural way to conclusions which establish generalizations, and it should be sufficiently 'spiral' to permit repetition frequent enough to fix each subject with its principles in the mind of the pupil, and, finally, there should be a wealth of illustrative material, or practical problems, sufficient to cover every ordinary phase of a given subject.

"The **GILBERT ARITHMETICS** are particularly happy in their authorship. Mr. Gleason is one of the most successful public school principals who have ever served the city of Newark. While he is a most excellent all-around man, he has given particular attention to the teaching of arithmetic throughout his entire career as a school man.

"Mr. Gilbert is to-day the sanest leader of elementary education enjoying a national reputation in this country. His well-known advocacy of the welfare of the child as the paramount issue in education, and of the freedom of the teacher as an accompanying corollary, give further assurance of the simplicity and catholicity of any textbook bearing his name.

"The **GILBERT ARITHMETICS**, therefore, may fairly be expected to be what we unhesitatingly pronounce them to be — *the best textbooks in that subject that we have seen.* They are scientific, but simple ; psychological, but sane ; comprehensive, but omitting the unpractical.

"The inductive method is used to develop the principles of succeeding subjects, and subjects recur often enough to fix them in the mind of the child, but when the generalization is finally completed, it is used as an accepted principle."

"The mechanical features of the book are admirable. The paper and covers are pleasing, the type is bold and clear, and the binding is excellent."

From the *Journal of Education*, Boston, Massachusetts :

Mr. Gilbert has had wide and eminently successful experience in supervision in St. Paul, Newark, and Rochester, and he has been equally fortunate in the writing of school books. These three books can but attract attention among all school people because of their novelty and utility in the teaching of number. Book One is for the first four years of school. The whole aim of the book (and each book has a specific aim to which every exercise is directed) is absolute mastery of the fundamental facts and processes. We would gladly describe this book, its conception of its mission, its methods and devices, but it is impossible; only by examination can it be appreciated. It is in a class by itself. Book Two is for grades five and six. The book is based on the assumption that the years of ten and eleven are adapted for memorizing and limitless practice. The aim of this book is fullest knowledge of definitions and processes and absolute accuracy in practice. Book Three is a complete arithmetic, giving in review all that has been taught in Books One and Two, and amplifying the features adapted to and needed by maturer minds."

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The Modern English Course

By HENRY P. EMERSON, Superintendent of Education, Buffalo, New York,
and IDA C. BENDER, Supervisor of Primary Grades, Buffalo, New York.

BOOK I—ELEMENTARY LESSONS IN ENGLISH

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- (3) Effectiveness in the use of language.
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The illustrative sentences in both books have been selected with great care from standard literature, and they are valuable in themselves for the information or the suggestive thought they contain.

The definitions are short, clear, concise, and within the comprehension of the pupils. As far as definitions are given in Book I they are identical with Book II. In general the two books are consistent; there are no contradictions; they are harmonious in aim, in method, in explanation, and in definition.

In the Modern English Course the study of grammar is not neglected and much attention is given to composition. In both grammar and composition, the aim has been to create on the part of the pupils a better appreciation of what they read, a larger power of connected thinking, and greater facility in expressing their thoughts.

The study of grammar is made a real help in oral and written composition.

- (1) The explanations are simple, lucid, and easily understood.
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